

WASNT WORTH THE LIVING

Was Mrs. Bowling's Conception of Life at One Time—Thinks Differently Now.

Lowland, Ky.—When I first wrote you, I was feeling so miserable, that life wasn't worth living. My wife, in a recent letter, Mrs. Anna Bowling, of this place.

"I was to bed shape, my left side hurt so, at times, I could hardly bear it, and I could not be on that side at night, at all. I also had another serious symptom of womanly trouble.

I finally decided to give Cardui, the woman's tonic, a trial, so I purchased a bottle, and by the time I had taken it, I felt better in every way, so I got another bottle, and it straightened me out entirely.

I feel as well now as I ever did in my life, and I can be sure in saying that Cardui is the best medicine on earth for women. I had little faith in it before I commenced taking it, but now I would not exchange it for all the other medicines."

Are you one of those poor women sufferers, who feel that life is hardly worth the living? Have you that everlastingly tired, nervous, worn-out, headache feeling? If so, get a bottle of Cardui and begin taking it today. No doubt it is the very medicine you need.

W. B. Miller, Chattanooga Medicine Co., 140 Broadway, Dept. C, Chattanooga, Tenn. For local distributors on your own and telephone books. Home Treatment for Women, sent on plain wrapper, free.

Very Warm.

A party of commercial travelers were drawing the longbow and spinning yarns of wonderful adventures on sea and land. A silent listener sat in the corner. Presently one of the company addressed him.

"Have you traveled much, sir?"

"A little. I've been round the world seven times."

"Then you must have had some striking experiences. Perhaps you would like to tell us one or two?"

"Well," said the stranger, "perhaps the most remarkable was on my last voyage. At one time we found the heat so terrific that we used to take it in turns to go down into the stove hole to get a cooler."

No more yarns were related that evening.

Quaint Critic.

George B. Luke, the painter, said to a critic in his New York studio: "Your criticism is at my rate original and amusing, my boy. It reminds me of the colored laundress in the Uffizi Gallery. When this colored laundress visited the Uffizi, her mistress led her up to Correggio's masterpiece. There, Hannah, what do you think of that?" she said. Hannah, shaking her head indignantly, stared a long while at the pictured angels whose white robes were all yellowed by time, and then, with a sigh and a disapproving shake of the head, she said: "The saints is do last folks to put up wiv had laundry work."

Professional Comfort.

"That photographer ought not to have been dejected when his best girl refused him."

"Why couldn't he?"

"Because he certainly got a good negative."

Its Definition.

"How do you make this out to be a case of light assault?"

"Please, your honor, the defendant hit the plaintiff with the lamp."

Lightly Glad.

"Don't you think she dresses in good taste?"

"Perhaps so, but not in good measure."

GROWING STRONGER

Apparently, with Advancing Age.

"At the age of 50 years I collapsed from excessive coffee drinking," writes a man in Mo. "For four years I shambled about with the aid of crutches or cane, most of the time unable to dress myself without help."

"My feet were greatly swollen, my right arm was shrunk and twisted inward, the fingers of my right hand were clenched and could not be extended except with great effort and pain. Nothing seemed to give me more than temporary relief."

"Now, during all this time and for about 30 years previously, I drank daily an average of 6 cups of strong coffee—rarely missing a meal."

"My wife at last took my case into her own hands and bought some Postum. She made it according to directions and I liked it fully as well as the best high-grade coffee."

"Improvement set in at once. In about 6 months I began to work a little, and in less than a year I was very much better, improving rapidly from day to day. I am now in far better health than most men of my years and apparently growing stronger with advancing age."

"I am busy every day at some kind of work and am able to keep up with the procession without a cane. The arm and hand that were once almost useless, now keep far ahead in rapidity of movement and beauty of penmanship."

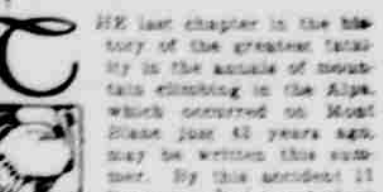
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Write for copy of the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. Instant Postum is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with the addition of cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly.

"There's a reason" for Postum.



Mr. John Randall



Mont Blanc

THE last chapter in the history of the greatest tragedy in the annals of mountaineering occurred on Mont Blanc just 41 years ago. By this accident 11 lives were lost in a furious snowstorm near the summit of the "Roof of Europe."

The victims included two Americans, one Scotchman and eight guides and porters from Chamonix. Not one of the party escaped death.

Five of the bodies were recovered at the time of the accident. It is expected by Chamonix guides and scientists that the six others will be delivered up by the glacier this year. The rate of progression of glaciers has long been observed, and according to the calculations of the authorities the bodies held in the ice for more than 40 years should reach the valley this season.

Scientists in Europe are much interested in the case, as it may supply evidence to prove their theories concerning the speed of the annual march of glaciers toward the valleys, but there is also a human side to the watch which is being kept up. Miss Edith Randall of Boston has been waiting many years in the hope of recovering the body of her father, John Randall, a Boston banker, who was one of the victims of the disaster, and who was fifty-four years old when he lost his life in 1879 on the Mont Blanc summit.

Last year Miss Randall came to Chamonix, as the ice age and several small articles belonging to Mr. Randall had been found by guides at the foot of the Glacier des Bossons, which descends directly from the summit of Mont Blanc to the lip of the valley of Chamonix. Many American and English Alpinists, as well as guides, joined in the search for the body, but without result. Will the searchers have better luck during the next few months?

The story of this Alpine tragedy can be told briefly. On August 26, 1879, two Englishmen, Messrs. Stoddom and Marshall, with their guides arrived at Chamonix exhausted, having been caught in a violent snowstorm on Mont Blanc. The English climbers met at the hotel the two Americans, John Randall and H. M. Bean of Jonesboro, Tenn., who was fifty-four years old, and the Scotchman, the Rev. G. McCorkindale, aged forty, of Glasgow. These three had already engaged eight guides and porters at Chamonix to conduct them in easy stages to the top of Mont Blanc. The weather was doubtful in the valley and bad in the mountains above, and in view of the experience of the Englishmen they were warned against attempting the ascent. But the Americans were in a hurry to return home and the warnings were disregarded.

The first part of the ascent, up to the Grand Mulets, at an elevation of 10,016 feet, was accomplished in cloudy weather, but the snow was good and firm under foot. The party set out on September 6 from the hut for the summit in spite of a strong wind and dark clouds. Their progress was watched with telescopes from Chamonix. It was noticed that from time to time the whole party had to throw themselves down on the snow to avoid being carried away by the wind near the top.

Later they were hidden from view by clouds. When the clouds parted the climbers were seen coming down near the same place. Then the snowstorm became more violent and they were again hidden. The storm lasted eight days and nights. Not one of the 11 climbers was seen again alive.

A week later 14 Chamonix guides attempted to reach the fatal spot, but were driven back by the snow and cold. On September 17 23 guides and porters set out again from Chamonix for the summit, and amid deep, hard snow on the north steep slope discovered the bodies of five of the party. Those of the Rev. Mr. McCorkindale and two guides lay 750 feet below the summit. About 300 feet higher were

the bodies of Mr. Bean and a porter. The former was in a sitting posture with his head leaning on one hand and the elbow on a knapsack.

Upon Mr. Bean a notebook was found containing entries which throw a light upon the great sufferings experienced by the party. It had also written a farewell note to his wife.

In all five corpses were found out of 11 and they were frozen hard. The bodies were placed in sacks and carried down the glaciers. The guides were three days in reaching Chamonix, as the weather again became bad.

Although 41 years have passed, the six other bodies, including those of Mr. Randall and the guides, have not yet been delivered up by the Alpine river of ice, though 40 years up to now has been the longest period the glacier has been known to retain its dead. The remains of Mr. Bean and Mr. McCorkindale are buried side by side in the little English church cemetery at Chamonix at the foot of Mont Blanc, and perhaps Mr. Randall will join his comrades soon.

Mr. Bean's notebook and his pathetic letter to his wife explain the tragedy and the sufferings of the party.

LONG VIGIL FOR FATHER'S BODY MAY BE REWARDED



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American View.
"Do you don't approve of these Latin suffragettes?"
"I don't know much about them," replied Miss Corvett. "But I can't help feeling that a woman who can't support a few men without the use of dynamite is something of a failure."

THE BEST TREATMENT FOR ITCHING SCALPS, DANDRUFF AND FALLING HAIR

To stop itching and irritation of the scalp, prevent dry, thin and falling hair, remove dandruff, scales and dandruff, and promote the growth and beauty of the hair, the following special treatment is most effective, agreeable and economical. On retiring, comb the hair out straight all around, then begin at the side and make a parting, gently rubbing Cuticura Ointment into the parting with a bit of soft flannel held over the end of the finger. Anoint additional partings about half an inch apart until the whole scalp has been treated, the purpose being to get the Cuticura Ointment on the scalp skin rather than on the hair. It is well to place a light covering over the hair to protect the pillow from possible stain. The next morning, shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Shampoo alone may be used as often as agreeable, but once or twice a month is generally sufficient for this special treatment for women's hair.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 30-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Its Use.
"After all, dust is a great publicity promoter."

"How so?"

"Isn't it keep the streets and public highways in the eye of the people?"

Literal.
"What is the most sunshiny system to live by you ever heard of?"

"I guess it is the solar system."

A correct guess passes for wisdom—with the man who makes the guess.

A Better Bliss.
"Don't you think a man must be happy when he takes his queen by the hand?"
"Not as happy as the man who takes four queens to his."

Stoppage at Source.
Friend—What does the doctor say?

Casey—He seems to be elated because he has the fever nearly down to where it was when he started—Puck.

Their Office.
"Whales must be the peacemakers of the ocean."

"How do you make that out?"

"Don't they pour oil upon the waters?"

Everything Relative.
Made—This summer seems to be much cooler than last.

Marjorie—You must remember, dear, that you're not wearing so many clothes.—Judge

Your "Best Play"
is made when your physical condition is normal. Sickly persons are always badly handicapped because they lack the stamina and strength necessary to win. Try a bottle of

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

It restores the appetite, aids digestion and in every way helps you back to health and strength. Get a bottle today. Avoid substitutes.

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GREAT MEN IN COMMON CLAY

Models by C. A. BEATY Words by GENE MORGAN



CARNEGIE.

No bagpipes blew in days of yore when Andy left grim Scotland's shore with manner hopeful, yet so meek, his fortune in the west to seek. With all the worldly goods he had enclosed within a bag of plaid he landed at a Yankee dock and then proceeded to "take stock." The iron foundries of the day were small, 'twas hard to make them pay and Pittsburgh seemed upon the map a dot that broke a desert gap. Thence traveled this small, canny Scot who soon observed just what was what and set his hope, his soul, his heel upon that foundry product, steel. The story of his rise in life is equal to Napoleon's strife, so greatly did his wealth expand, he held a city in his hand and though it is none of our affair, he made the "Pittsburgh millionaire." The need of reading he expounds and hands out dollars, francs and pounds to towns and hamlets o'er the globe that young and old may daily probe through volumes heavy, grave or light and educate themselves at night. We also know, in details vague, about his temple at The Hague where sages make a peace appeal 'gainst warships made of Andy's steel.

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CONCERNING THE DOG DAYS
Among Other Truths Writer Observes They Are Evidence That Backbone of Winter Is Broken.

The dog days are hot and stuffy. They warm up about the middle of August, and are a sure sign that the backbone of winter is broken. It is only when the Dog Star rises that we have dog days, but nobody has yet discovered what the Dog Star rises about, unless it is the sidereal heat.

ens at night, and he certainly does rage about these considerable. Which reminds us that the Dog Star rises only at night, and it is the dog days that we hear more about. There is no answer to this one, either. But that makes no difference to the weather bureau, and the mercury shins up the tube just the same, while mankind simply drifts along on a sea of perspiration. The name of the Dog Star is Sirius. This is because he is the joke. Dogs become mad during dog days, and why shouldn't they? Every-

body else does, and swears besides, which dogs do not. Dog daisies blossom at this season, and they are tropical flowers, all right. In conclusion it may be said without fear of successful contradiction that although every dog has his day, every day hasn't its dog, and the rest of us ought to be doggoned glad of it.—Lippincott's.

The most common name for a place in England is Newton, which occurs no fewer than 71 times.

Women Avoid Operations

When a woman suffering from some form of feminine disorder is told that an operation is necessary, it of course frightens her.

The very thought of the hospital operating table and the surgeon's knife strikes terror to her heart, and no wonder. It is quite true that some of these troubles may reach a stage where an operation is the only resource, but thousands of women have avoided the necessity of an operation by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This fact is attested by the grateful letters they write to us after their health has been restored.

These Two Women Prove Our Claim.

Cary, Maine.—"I feel it a duty I owe to all suffering women to tell what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. One year ago I found myself a terrible sufferer. I had pains in both sides and such a soreness I could scarcely straighten up at times. My back ached, I had no appetite and was so nervous I could not sleep, then I would be so tired mornings that I could scarcely get around. It seemed almost impossible to move or do a bit of work and I thought I never would be any better until I submitted to an operation. I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and soon felt like a new woman. I had no pains, slept well, had good appetite and was fat and could do almost

all my own work for a family of four. I shall always feel that I owe my good health to your medicine."—Mrs. HAYWARD SOWERS, Cary, Me.

Charlotte, N. C.—"I was in bad health for two years, with pains in both sides and was very nervous. I even lifted a chair it would cause a hemorrhage. I had a growth which the doctor said was a tumor and I never would get well unless I had an operation. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I gladly say that I am now enjoying fine health and am the mother of a nice baby girl. You can use this letter to help other suffering women."—Mrs. ROSA SIMS, 16 Wyona St., Charlotte, N. C.

Now answer this question if you can. Why should a woman submit to a surgical operation without first giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial? You know that it has saved many others—why should it fail in your case?

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No one sick with woman's ailments does justice to herself if she does not try this famous medicine made from roots and herbs